

The Maidens complaint of her Loves inconstancie.  
 Shewing it forth in every degree,  
 Shee being left as one forlorne,  
 With sorrowes she her selfe to adorne,  
 And seemes for to lament and mourne.  
 To a delicate new tune.



**Y**ou maidens and wives and women kind,  
 Give eare, and you shall heare my minde,  
 Wherein I shew you most perfectly,  
 A false young mans inconstancy.  
 For which I sigh, and sob, and weepe,  
 To see false men no faith can keepe.

I love where I have cause to hate,  
 Such is my foolish sickle state,  
 My time I spend in grieve and woe,  
 Which sure will be mine overthrow.  
 I sigh, and sob, and then doe weepe,  
 For that false men no faith can keepe.

My Love to me doth prove untrue,  
 And seemes to bid me now adue,  
 O hateful witch, and most unkinde,  
 To beare so false and wicked minde.  
 It makes me sigh, and sob, and weepe,  
 To see false men no faith can keepe.

He's fled and gone, for which I grieve,  
 I with no maiden him believe,  
 For he with tempting speeches will  
 Deceit others now for to beguile.  
 That they with me may sigh and weepe,  
 And say that men no faith can keepe.

Shall I be bound that may be true,  
 Shall I love them that love not me?  
 Why should I thus seeme to complaine?  
 I see I cannot him obtaine.  
 Which makes me sob, and sigh, and weepe,  
 To see that men no faith can keepe.

O shall I weepe, or shall I sing?  
 I know not which will sit mourning:  
 If that I weepe it will breede me paine,  
 If that I sing 'twill ease my baine.  
 Therefore I sigh, and sob, and weepe,  
 To see false men no faith can keepe.

The Jewell's lost, the thiefe is fled,  
 And I lye wounded in my bed:  
 If to repent I should begin,  
 They'l say 'twas I that let him in.  
 Therefore I sigh, and sob, and weepe,  
 To see false men no faith can keepe.

My minde to him was alwayes true,  
 For which I now have cause to rue,  
 Would I had never seene his face,  
 Nor trod the paths of Cupids race.  
 For now I sigh, and sob, and weepe,  
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45. 6. 28. 243.



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## The second part,



## To the same tune.



**VV**hat hap hath any hie or she,  
That can but live at libertie  
And not be troubled as I am,  
As by my song you understand,  
It makes me sigh, and sob, and weepe,  
To see false men no faith can keepe.

I cannot take my quiet rest,  
To thinke on him that I lov'd best:  
Sometimes when I doe thinke to sleepe,  
Then thought of him makes me to weepe.  
I cannot choose but sigh, and sob,  
To thinke of him that doth me rob.

'Tis true indeed he robbeth me,  
Of my content and libertie:  
My heart can now no comfort finde,  
To thinke on him that proves unkinde.  
I cannot choose but sigh, and weepe,  
To see false men no faith can keepe.

My head doth ake, my eyes are sore,  
And I can find no helpe therefore:  
My body's fainte, and I am weak;  
My tongue is tyed I cannot speake:  
Yet still I sigh and sob, and weepe,  
To see that men no faith can keepe.

My dayes are short, my life's not long,  
I cannot well declare my wrong:  
Yet in some part, I here doe shew,  
That you the cause herof may know:  
Wherefore I sigh and sob and weepe,  
To see that men no faith can keepe.

His tempting eyes, and smiling lookes,  
Now seeme to me like baptes hookes,  
Which are but layes for to betray  
The fish that's greedy of his prey.  
Therefore I sob, and sigh, and weepe,  
To see that men no faith can keepe.

When first with me he came in place,  
He did me with his armes embrace,  
He kiss'd me on't, and swoore that he  
Should never have no one but me.  
Yet now he makes me sob, and weepe,  
To see that men no faith can keepe.

With wordes most faire he did intreat,  
That till my favour he did get:  
But him uncertaine I doe find,  
And changing like the wavering wind.  
Which makes me sigh, and sob, and weepe,  
To see that men no faith can keepe.

He would to beare a faithfull mind,  
But he is otherwise inclin'd:  
He now doth seeme as strange to me,  
I cannot have his company.  
Which makes me sob, and sigh, and weepe,  
To see that men no faith can keepe.

Thus seems my love to doe me wrong,  
Wherefore Ie here conclude my song:  
He never trust false men no more,  
Nor doe as I have done before.  
For which I sigh, and sob, and weepe,  
To see that men no faith can keepe.

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